SEEING THE SIGHTS AT ADEN

A CITY OF THE RED SEA AT THE EDGE OF THE DESERT.

The Bered Camels-Natural Tanks That supply the City With Water-Alarming Zeal of the Arab Guides - Ways of the Pediers and Soldier Customers.

burned, subsisting on thistles, cacti and dry grass, the carnol is the embodiment Arabian desolation. He appeals to your sympathies, not that he is maltreated but because he is inexpressibly bored. No wonder, when he has to spend his days toting people across the desert.

After a long day's march he folds up his many jointed legs and lies down on looking about him from time to time with half closed eyes and a disdainful curl of the lip. He snubs his mastar on all occasions. Over a quarter of a million of these blase animals enter Aden

million of these blase animals enter Aden every year with produce from all parts of Yemen.

This ancient city, so powerful in the past, seldom attracts public attention in these days. The last time that it had its picture taken for the papers was when Col. Roosevelt included it in the itinerary of his African trip. It is referred to in Genesis under the name of Daden, and was later known to the Romans as Arabis felix and Attans. In the ancient times it was the principal mart for the commerce between Asia and Europe.

With the discovery of a passage around the Cape of Good Hope this trade was largely withdrawn and the city reduced to insignificance. The opening of the Suez Canal and assurance of protection under British rule have somewhat restored its importance, but rather as a coaling station than as a trading centre. Its chief importance from the point of trade is as an entrepot for the products of Arabia and the Somali coast of Africa, such as feathers, gum, coffee, dyes, ivory, dates, figs and pearls. Aden is also important from a strategic point of view, being well

not going to stop the drivers were furious and so was the interpreter, for he was counting on filling the place of guide. Why the drivers should take our refusal as a personal offence was more than we could undertsand. We finally drove off, followed by a jeering, ever increasing mob.

followed by a jeering, ever increasing mob.

Hoping to pacify the rabble we threw all our small change to beggars who pursued us with cries of "Give me something!" and "Bakshish!" On the outskirts of the town the carriages stopped and the horses were removed from the shafts. At this new development our alarm grew. After we had sat for some time tremblingly punning what we would do if an attack were made on us men appeared with fresh horses which they put to the carriages; the drivers mounted, still grumbling, and we set off for Steamer Point, much relieved.

The following morning when we saw the mountainous roads and the depth of the cisterns we realized more fully our folly in taking the drive by night. The British have restored thirteen of these magnificent tanks which had been partially destroyed and filled with debris. They were empty when we visited them, so we were able to go to the bottom of them by means of stone stairs.



VIEW OF ADEN, SHOWING THE TANKS IN THE FOREGROUND.

fortified and lying within a hundred miles of the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, the enhance to the Red Sea.

A quarter of a century before the Chris-

A quarter of a century before the Christian era it was taken by the Romans and later fell into the hands successively of the Portuguese, the Turks and the Sultan camels loaded with mountains of brushwood that almost concealed them, carts
wood that almost concealed them.

We escaped from the incensed Arabs as quickly as possible and sought refuge in the foreign portion. Most of the passengers returned to the transport, but about a dozen of us fell prey to some Arab drivers, who besought us to drive to Aden. They circled about us to show off their steeds, which were all equally bad. These loose jointed, lank, skinny beasts bear little resemblance to the high bred Arab horse of world renown.

We engaged three carriages and set off for Aden. For a short distance the road followed the beach, then turned off and wound up precipitous rocky cliffs and penetrated to the crater of the voicano through two tunnels. Here Aden has lain baking in the sun for centuries.

By the time we arrived it had grown dark and we began to be uneasy, at any rate we women did; of course an army officer could not confess such emotions. A swarm

could not confess such emotions. A swarm of Arabs at once surrounded us and followed our carriages to the water tanks, where we stopped. There tanks are formed by the natural hollows of the rocks and walled up so as to collect the water as it drains from the sides of the surrounding mountains.

ing mountains.

Against the jagged sides of the crater they looked black and ominous. The drivers insisted on our leaving the tarriages and visiting the tanks, which we refused flatly to do. Finding their small stock of English inclusions. of English inadequate they summoned an interpreter, who assured us in very strong terms that no one had ever been known to come to Aden without visiting these

historical cisterns.

Finally one of the officers offered to go with him to reconnoitre before the rest of the party would venture. We insisted in the other officers remaining with us protect us against the mob of Arabs, which was constantly increasing in size. The two went off, guided by the light of a small lantern, and soon disappeared in the darkness; when they returned the officer announced:

announced:
"Worst looking place I ever saw; better come back in the morning and visit them

way through the mountains we passed droves of goats with fat little tails, white bodies and black heads, caravans of camels loaded with mountains of brush-

rency is the same as that of Bombay, with the rupee as the standard unit.

Ships anchor off Steamer Point, three or four miles from the extinct volcano where Aden lies hidden. Though we arrived late in the afternoon, all of us went exhore as seen as the skip went extended with the Greenment who are not went exhore as seen as the skip went extended with the Greenment with the Greenment who are not removed the standard unit.

where Adea lies hidden Though we arrived late in the afternoon, all of us went sahore as soon as the ship was cleared, for the eight days trip from Ceylon had been monotonous and we longed to be on land again. Even the sandy, barren shore of Arabia felt good under our feet.

Along the waterfront are a number of feather and curio shops, fashioned to attract the eye of the foreigner; two or three modest hotels and the consulates. Back of these lies the native town, through whose narrow winding streets streamed our entire passenger list without attracting much attention until one of the girls started to enter a Mohammedan temple, when the deserted street suddenly became populated and the kneeling worshippers rose shrieking, "No, no, no!" and making menacing gestures.

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of peddlers.

After feathers, baskets were the chief

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At the ship a number of merchants in funny little boats were selling rough coral beads, feathers, baskets and amber. They were not allowed on board and had to send their warse up in baskets attached to ropes which they threw on deck. It was the soldiers who patronized them. Some of the men sent down in the baskets in payment of their purchases Philippine of the party would venture. We insisted the party would venture. We insisted the party would venture the light of a small lantern, and soon disappeared in the darkness; when they returned the officer amounced:

"Worst looking place I ever saw; better come back in the morning and visit them by day."

When they discovered that we were

Ransas Village Lives Up to the Name Bestowed on It Maybe in Jest.

Topeka, Kan., Oct. 30.—There may be nothing in a name, but the pioneers still living in the little village of Paradise, far out in Russell county, believe that there is something. The place was settled by Eastern people forty years ago and has just come into prominence prough the boasts of its oldest residents carred out of the great prairie.

Forty years ago the first settlers drifted into the northwest corner of Russell county and built homes of sod. A sod schoolhouse and church were constructed and the village was named Paradise.

Why this name no one knows, unless it was given in jest.

Through years of crop failures and drought the settlers remained. Finally the turn in their affairs came and the stream named for the town. Other farmers moved in and business houses. The sod houses melted away, and in their places were exceted comfortable homes with fine lawns and gardens. This has been going on at Paradise for twenty years, and now the oldest settlers are inviting their Kansas neighbors to come and visit them and look upon a community that is a real earthly paradise.

The Paradise farmers are amassing wealth every year. From thirty to fifty and the village was named Paradise. AUTOMOBILES IN PARADISE. Why this name no one knows, unless it

United States, so quaint that the aroma of antebellum days clings to its ous-toms and even to the prosale routine of The main street of the old town front

Cane River, at two seasons of the year a aging flood, but during the long, hot mer a shifting thread of turbid water. A long bridge connects the town proper with East Natchitoches, the beginning of a fertile farming country. Here the plantation store flourishes still, and each Saturday the road is crowded with vehicles, some of which are drawn by mule and fat oxen.

Upon the grass and the long front steps the negroes lounge in crowds and by twos and threes, waiting to exchange their weekly earnings for the necessaries of life The gay calicoes are faded but attractive -magenta, old blue, green and yellow-while picturesque turbans frame the bronze or ebony faces.

A leading man in the community passes them. He is of medium height, slender and active; though the short pointed beard is white and his grand-children are grown he looks alert and vigorous. Immediately the negroes doff their hats. For the time being he is master of their destinies. From each of them he learns the condition of crops and how the cattle are thriving.

Close to the white plantation store a long low building, half concealed behind two hedgelike rows of cape jasmine. Its walls of Spanish moss and mud have withstood the ravages of a century much better than the low ceiled interior, with its huge fireplaces. Out of place upon the discolored walls a number of valuable engravings are gathering mildew. One large bedroom is used for storing corn, and the imagination refuses to picture Ulysses S. Grant then a young West Point graduate, whirling through these rooms in the dance

Looking back across the river the old town seems to cling close to the bank. The towers of the court house and cathedral vary the monotony.

It takes but a short five minutes to wander across the long bridge back into the old town. Through its irregular narrow streets you find from early in spring till late in the year a veritable garden of flowers-houses covered with roses. long trellises of roses, rows of round topped chinaberry trees with their pale lavender blossoms filling the air with perfume, jasmine, magnolia and tulip trees. There are quaint old houses with iron railed balsonies reminding you of the French quarter in New Orleans, the upper gallery often extending over the sidewalk.

Should you enter one of these antebellum structures the long hall might be wide and dark, but through the open door at the further end you wouldcatch glimpess of light and color. Odors from hun-

and ivy grown suggesting the tower of a castle. It was used as a cooling house for wines and boasts of 200 years service to the thirsty planters.

The young officers of Camp Salubrity were welcome guests at the neighboring plantations. They joined in many a frolic and feetivity at the Isle aux Vaiches plantation with its hundreds of slaves and openhanded hospitality. Here, tradition says, the man who was to be President wooed pretty Mary Campbell—a daughter by adoption. But there was nothing about the young officer to give promise of future greatness, and Mary married a carpenter instead. Few people imagine as they meet a pleasant faced old man who markets in the early morning hours and passes them with a cheery greeting that he was the successful rise.

THE NEW INDIAN IN CANADA.

Early Manhattan History—Made Over Indians at Their Fair.

Aprix, Canada, Oct. 20.—"Yes, sir," said the politic and soft voiced Indian who was giving the vistors information about the Munocey-Tecumseh fair, "our people once owned Manhattan."

The MEW INDIAN IN CANADA.

WAYS OF WOULD-BE AUTHORS

EXPERIENCES OF A WOMAN LITERARY REPRESENTATIVE.

LITERARY REPRESENTATIVE.

As his visitors have lived on Manhattan."

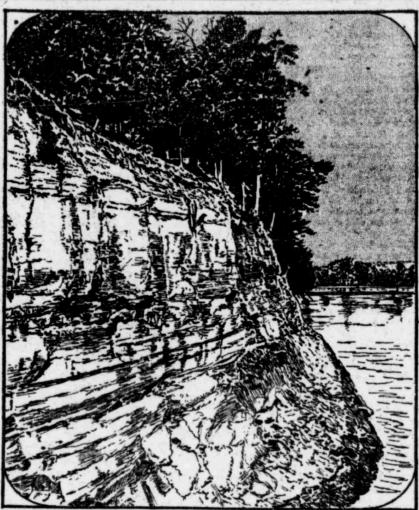
As his visitors have lived on Manhattan Island for many years without acquiring a right to any more of it than they had dusted off their boots on the morning they left they regarded their informant with respect.

"You have probably heard of the Ed
"You have probably heard of the Ed-THE FOURTH OLDEST TOWN

her bell musically. Or, if it is Saturday, oxen, five and six yokes, plod along in the sand with great loads of oy press logs for the mill.

This is essentially a Cathelic town and the people mostly of French extraction. There is a large parochial school and a convent, and adjoining the cathedral is the home of the Bishop and his assistants. All during the month of May—the month of the Virgin—the air is filled with the settiers—Grand Recre, the Seeme of Gen. Banks's Red River Repulse.

In the cotton belt of Louisiana is Natchitoches—with the last syllable omitted in pronunciation—a quaint old town, so old that it boasts of being the fourth in point of settlement in the United States, so quaint that the aroma.



THE BLUFF AT GRAND ECORE ON RED RIVER, WHERE GEN. BANKS

the occupant is protected by wooden shutters; in summer, light, air and winged pests have the same free access.

Back of the cabins, the negro quarters of Natchitoches, you strike the piney woods, which are filled with healthful odors. The trees are tall and majestic, similar to those in the cafions of Colorado. In winter, droves of cattle are fattened beneath being fed from troughs filled with cotton seed.

Should you strike out in early spring through the wandering, woodsy road toward old Camp Salubrity you would see a variety of trees, cypress and pine, dogwood white with blossoms, and great live oaks, their branches covered with drooping fingers of Spanish moss. Roads branch out like the tributaries of a stream toward roomy plantation homes. High above the ground they promise little of comfort when the days of late winter appear. Seen in their setting of white washed cabins they present a picture of

"You have probably heard of the Ed-

wards estate?" the Indian went on. Some of the party had vague recol-lections of stories of a myriad of far

scattered heirs who spend their evenings figuring just what they will do with their money when they have managed to drive away the squatter population of Astors and Goelets from some of the most de sirable parts of New York.

"Well, the original Edwards bought a large portion of Manhattan Island from our forefathers," the Indian said. "He should have settled right down

and grown up with the place "Very true," said the Indian, "but as you have no doubt observed in your reading of history the times were not settled about then." All of which goes to show that besides introducing the Indian to alcohol and scalping knives made in Sheffield the British traders infected him with the pernicious habit of dunning. The guide being now in a

"Having lived in Manhattan you no doubt know the meaning of the name."

The visitor confessed a culpable igno-

"Very few people from New York seem to know it," the Indian said with the air of a man to whom the entertaining of pilgrims from the Great White Way was an everyday occurrence, "but perhaps

they want to forget it."

"Is it so bad as all that?"
The Indian shook his head gravely.

"It's pretty bad."

"Worse than what the country papers say about Wall Street?"

"Not exactly the same, but pretty

ardly know how to express it in polite language."
"Then give it to us in all its barbaric

directness."

"You see," said the Indian, still beating about the bush, "the island was the place where our forefathers used to meet the traders."

"Well?"

"Er—there used to be a good deal of drinking done."
"Hasn't changed much in that respect," nis visitors assented.
"Yes, that's what caused it to get its

dressing could easily have been cast for the part.

When the horserace came off at least one of the jockeys rode in a manner which made it evident that the fame of the Tod Sloan seat has reached the red man. As a matter of fact only the children seem to suggest anything of the primitive American. They were elfin, glowing eved and full of the joyousness of the wild creatures of the woods. They played about, intenf on their own games of hide and seek, witht out paying any attention to the game of

on their own games of hide and seek, witht out paying any attention to the game oplaying that they were white men indulged in by their elders.

About the only episode that varied the orderly procedure of this Indian show of white man's products was the stealing of a side of bacon from the refreshment booth by a wolfish looking Indian dog; He was making a good getaway when noticed and it was in vain that a rabble of children, white and red, took up the pursuit. He managed, in the language of Artemus Ward, to "rush away to the wilderness to conceal his emotion."

Having taken in the whole show without discovering more than half a dozen backets that appeared to be local Indian products the visitors prepared to depart. At the gate they were joined by their former guide.

"Not going I hone?" he asked solicit

guide.
"Not going, I hope?" he asked solicitously.

Yes, we seem to have seen about everything there is to see."

"Did you see the Navajo blanket in the main hall?"

"We did."

"Interesting, isn't it? It was loaned to us by a missionary who got it out West." "We thought it very interesting. Good-

"Good-by."
The visitors went their way, resolved to make their future researches regarding the Indian in the pages of Cooper.

WANTED, MORE WHEAT. Call for Something to Be Done to Supply White Bread to White Men.

"This summer for the first time in the history of America the United States had to import wheat, a fact not known outside the industry," writes 'Agnes C. Laut in the Circle. "The foundation of the white man's food is wheat. As a people we eat more white bread than before, but we are paying three times as much for it as in 1894, and for our breakfast cereals and all food made of wheat.

"In 1871 only 371,000,000 people were using the white bread made from wheat. To-day there are nearly 600,000,000 people using wheat bread. Wheat for the first

using wheat bread. Wheat for the first time in the history of the world is being shipped into China and Japan.

"In the '80s the average use of wheat was four and a half bushels yearly a head for our population. To-day it is from five to six bushels yearly in the United States, and in Europe a similar increase is shown. Now, while the growth of wheat in the aggregate has just trebled in the last forty years to meet the trebling of the population, it has not increased in the total enough to meet the increased in the total enough to meet the increased use of wheat bread.

"Multiply the American population of \$7,000,000 by six bushels a head and you have a total of \$22,000,000 bushels for the United States and 100,000,000 bushels for Canada.

United States and 100,000,000 bushels for Canada.

"Deduct what is needed for seed and the remainder is what we send to Europe. Is it surprising that exports of wheat have dropped two-thirds since 1901? If the loaf is shrinking when our population is 87,000,000 what will it be when the population is 200,000,000?"

by publishers and editors and poor of my own calling it would change tune to something far different. The speaker rose and began p

on her hat.

"I'll be glad to talk to you about budding geniuses and otherwise." continued, but you'll have to go around the corner with me to get a cup of the About o'clock in the afternoon I've lived through so many life stories, tragedles, comedies and what not that I've simply got to go out somewhere and get something to eat to get a new grip on my own life.

"Authors' and publishers' representa-tive—the title sounds well, doesn't, it? But I can say that of all hard working,

unappreciated classes of people, serve the public weal this very

of go-betweens is the most unappreciated and hard working
"Now I can read manuscripts all day and almost all night—good manuscripts, poor manuscripts, manuscripts of every poor manuscripts, manuscripts of a kind and degree—and feel none the for it. It's the author behind the m script that bothers me. "Not the majority of authors, of

for the writers who can write and w stories are read regularly in the zines are the people who give no tr whether I am slow or quick about selfor them. The class that causes all worries is the kind that thinks writer stories is such a simple thing that a one can do it and then sit down pen hand and prove it false.

"These people demand that dooknow their business and tailors too, se for writing stories, they seem to th it as natural as teething. It is for me people, but those people are gen and I'll have to admit I haven't

and I'll have to admit I haven't o across many yet.

"I have come to have a sert of me classification into which I fit my oddithe woman, often from the middle W with a rich husband who is willing bring out her book at his own cape the mother and daughter group, in with former zees signs of ganius is latter; the man out of a job class, the resentative of which takes his pen in it to earn his living as a last resort wait other means fail. The recent prought me a veritable flood of this

"Yes, that's what caused it to get its present name."

"But you haven't told us yet exactly what the meaning of the name is."

The Indian smiled and then blurted out: "Well, the nearest I can come to giving the true meaning of the word Manhattan is to say it means 'Bummer's Roost."

This meaning is respectfully referred to the learned philologists, if they have overlooked it.

Having heard the title to the island questioned and its good name impugned the visitors decided to change the subject before something worse happened.

The Munoey-Tecumseh show gave an excellent opportunity to study the Indian under British rule. As far as could be seen he is being yetamorphosed into a passable imitation of a white man.

Judging from *!/*e exhibits the Indians on this reservation, who by the way are a remnant of the Six Nations-of 'he Iroquois and Algonquins, are becoming fairly good farmers. Their pumpkins and squashes are as corpulent as the milk fed products to be found at the fall fairs of the white man.

Instead of weaving blankets they make log cabin quilts, and it was interesting to find quite recognizable imitations of the Gibson Girl? If not the vaudeville managers have missed a chance. Several squaws of mail order dressing could easily have been cast for the cast.

When the horserace came off at least when the horserace came off at least when the prefectly wonderful. So mebody Else and every one who has read it says it is perfectly wonderful. So mebody Else and every one who has read it says it is perfectly wonderful. So mebody Else and every one who has read it says it is perfectly wonderful. So mebody Else and every one who has read it says it is perfectly wonderful. So mebody Else and every one who has read it says it is perfectly wonderful. So mebody Else and every one who has read it says it is perfectly wonderful. So mebody Else and every one who has read it says it is perfectly wonderful. So mebody Else and every one who has read it says it is perfectly wonderful. So mebody Else and every one who has read

Somebody Else and every one who has read it says it is perfectly wonderful. So much better than you find in the magazines nowadays. Oh, now daughter, don't be so shy. You know it's good. You must not be so modest.

"And so on and so on—the one rhapsodizing and the other putting in little ejaculatory half hearted remonstrance. I always imagine the scene has been rehearsed just outside the door.

"I'm perfectly loyal to my sex and I don't want it thought that women are the only oddities, but they certainly do queer things. In my business correspondence I always use merely my initials with no prefix. Not long ago two women came in, looked about haughtily, and addressing me as though I were an office girl asked for Mr. —, giving my pame. I told them that I was Miss —
They glared at me for a moment.

"Do you conduct this office?" asked one with a Judge at the bar air.

"I admitted my guilt. They glared a moment longer and then with one accord turned and sailed majestically out I had offended these women by being a woman.

"Another woman wrote to me for some

turned and salled majestically out had offended these women by being a woman.

"Another woman wrote to me for some time addressing me as 'Dear Sir' until I took it upon myself to enlighten her. Almost by return mail I got an answer from her blading me to return her manuscripts, as she had come to the conclusion that I could do nothing for her.

"Of all the women, however, the most intolerable is the woman who comes to town, puts up at the St. Regis or some such hotel and then has her maid telephone me to come to get her manuscript. I do not know just what silver platter ceremony would be used in such an event, for needless to say I have never yet gone.

"She belongs to the great class of women who want not criticism but flattery. I am tempted sometimes to ask some of them why they pretend to pay money for my opinion when in reality they want to pay me to listen to their own, for I can hardly get a word in edgewise.

"The reality frightful experience is with

they want to pay me to listen to their own, for I can hardly get a word in edgewise.

"The really frightful experience is with those who have had real trouble and have written of it as an outlet." The result is emotional, dreadful Of course they don't tell me the story is a personal experience, but the fact cannot help faigly shouting itself, and the situation is almost unspeakable.

"What I call my freak cases are not confined entirely to women. A young man came rushing in one afternoon—as intelligent, normal appearing young man—and presented a manuscript. He wanted me to read it that night, he said, and let him know the first thing next morning what I thought of it, for if it was good he would stay in New York and write stories; otherwise he wanted to engage passage to sail for Europe Saturday.

"There are scores of men trained to do everything or anything else who take a notion once in a while to dash of a story. They are not pathetic, but the pathetic cases are the poor old leftovers of sine earlier day who earned their living by writing thirty years ago and keep on trying to write in the same vein now as then They are simply impossible, but because of their age and the fact that they did do something once it is hard to know how to deal with them.

"On the whole the well known writers of the brand new authors who have the inherent qualities which will eventually make them well known cause no trouble. They wait and work peaceably and sensibly; and the pleasantest part of its are editors and publishers—a very different position from that of the play broker, for instance.

"Editors, publishers—a very different position from that of the play broker, for instance."

instance.

"Editors, publishers and the writers worth are all that can be desired. It down in my heart I'll have to admit a hape that in spite of my complaints is the freaks that give a great deal of spice and variety to my kind of west.



ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF NATCHITOCHES-CATHEDRAL IN THE DISTANCE.

dreds of roses would be wafted to your nostrils, great pinkish lilies would nod and bend, and against the servants' quar-ters perhaps a tall fig tree would spread its branches, or a giant pecan under which

LOST ESKIMO TRIBES.

the organ of the Danish ethnological

dreds of roses would be wafted to your nostrils, great pinkish lilies would nod and bend, and against the servante' quarters perhaps a tall fig tree would spread its branches, or a giant pecan under which the children play.

The front yard, save in winter, is a mass of bloom and fragrance. Pebble edged walks overrun with sweet violets lead around to the long kitchen in the rear. The front snd side balconies are form a resort for a few families and around to the long kitchen in the rear. The front snd side balconies are form a resort for a few families abould there be a yellow fever scare.

The front snd side balconies are form a resort for a few families abould there be a yellow fever scare.

The front snd side balconies are form a resort for a few families and a cabin perched like an eagle's nest are the only visible signs of life. You want nothing more. The grand old trees, songs of mocking birds and glimpses of a wide and placid stream with stretches of verdure beyond at refuge should there be a yellow fever scare.

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The front sam side balconies are apt to be lurking beneath. Half a dozen simple, rustic cottages cluster high above the spring and stream with stretches of verdure beyond there are yellow fever scare.

The front sam side balconies are apt to be lurking beneath. Half a dozen simple, rustic cottages cluster high above the spring and a cabin perched like an eagle's nest are the only visible signs of life. You want nothing more. The grand of the cerulean skies, songs of mocking birds and limpses of a wide old time comfort and hospitality. light to meet. A herd of snowy goat

southernmost Ammassalik district and the relics of the lost tribes who inhabited the coast over a stretch of 300 miles from the great fiord of Kangerdlugsuak to Cape Brewster at the entrance to Scoresby A Danish Scholar's Account of & People Seen by White Men But Once. An account of the lost Eskimo tribes of Sound.

The ethnological objects which he brought back with him lay unstudied until at the beginning of this year Dr. W. Thalbitzer undertook to classify the colthe east coast of Greenland was printed recently in the Meddelelser on Gronland,

society. The author is Dr. W. Thal-The harpoon heads, needle cases, women's combs and children's toys represent an age in the life of the tribes long antedating the first contact between the Europeans of mediæval Iceland and the Eskims of the lower Greenland tin. Great In 1823 Capt. Clavering was conducting a sledge expedition along the southwest side of the island now bearing his name, which is situated on the northeastern coast

side of the island now bearing his name, which is situated on the northeastern coast of Greenland off what is now known as Koenig Wilhelm Land. There his expedition encountered a party of twelve Eskimo of the lower Greenland tip. Great antiquity, how great the scientist cannot determine, marks the life of these peoples.

"By the countless manifestations of originality in their handicrafts," says the author, "the objects of the collection the twelve had camped near Clavering's party for three days they disappeared and no further trace of them was found. That was the first time and the last that any white man has seen tribesmen of the northern and southern culture of the coast, an ancient connection long since broken off between the northerners and the inhabitants of the south, i.e., the population of the Serfin-ik and Ammassalik flords. The highly developed culture of this intensely isolated group occupies a position apart in the Eskimo world.

"A number of the types of implements, ornaments and traditions which in their main features they have in common with all other Eskimos have been individualized and transformed by them in accordance with their own personal taste and requirements, so that their culture has thereby received a stamp of its own which distinguishes it from all others. As it cannot possibly have been influenced from the content of the series of the sexpedition comprised facts about the present day Eskimos of the

southernmost Ammassalik district and the without it is with all its peculiarity genu-

without it is with all its peculiarity genunely Eskimo."

The southerly Eskimos, who are now living and whose tribal continuity has been preserved intact, possess a very dim recollection of the peoples of the north coast, whose deserted houses and ancient burying places have yielded the only clues to their existence. It is by tradition only that knowledge of these lost tribes has been preserved among the more enduring folk about the southern fiord. In their isolation the peoples about Scoresby and Franz Joseph's flord dwindled into decay and disappeared.

The scientist does not make any attempt to specify the origin of these lost northern tribes and their southern kinsmen. Not enough is known of the archæology of the Greenland dwellers and those who live on the bridge of islands between Greenland in ord this subject Dr. Thalbitzer says:

"The two cultures both have their seat high up in the Arctic regions and have been evolved under the same natural conditions. There are no adequate grounds for assuming any special relationship between the Point Barrow (Alaska) and the Greenland tribes or a direct immigration in olden times of the Point Barrow Eskimo to east Greenland. Furthermore our knowledge of the past culture of the Eskimo races which dwelt between these two remote regions is far too slight to warrant such of the material culture of the great group of Eskimos dwelling at about the same latitude around the mouth of the Maccidance squires and from the same string the cannot the proposed the cannot be with the same archipelago; these islands form the most in the islands in the north Canadian archipelago; these islands form the most in the islands in the north Canadian archipelago; these islands form the most in ortherly bridge between the western Eskimo and Greenland."